

opinion

Let's Talk

by Pastor Ray Sines
Collegian Staff Writer

What is your goal? Did you know that nearly 90 percent of college freshmen in our nation have no idea what they want to do in life? The numbers are not much lower for sophomores and juniors either. Why?

Most students, as a whole, have no idea what they would like to accomplish in life. This even bears record by how often a student will change his/her major or enter the drop-add line.

I remember, as an eight-year-old child, one day I wanted to be a fireman, the next day a doctor, two weeks later a fire chief, and even a bit later a carpenter. I probably never spent more than two minutes thinking about any profession in particular. One day it seemed more prestigious to be a fireman, another day a doctor.

Why is it so hard for an individual to decide what HE WOULD LIKE TO DO? Is it perhaps because others have tried to act the role and failed or is it because of a personal "learned disability" of your own? Then, again, it may be that you don't think that you could qualify for certain vocations. Well, let me give you a clue.

Ask yourself this very important question: If money, environment, or intelligence were not a variable, what would I like to do more than



Pastor Ray
anything else in my life? When you can sincerely answer this question without doubt, then, write your answer down and look at it. This should be your goal in life. If you will value this goal above all else, you will find yourself doing what ever you have to do to reach it.

As you begin to work toward your goal things will begin to fall in place and the anxieties of not knowing what to do will begin to vanish. New anxieties will develop, but they will be welcomed and become challenging.

To answer this most important question will require much more thought than choosing a major, but you will find, after answering it, your major(s), minor(s), and everything else that you will need to succeed will become much clearer.

Don't put it off until tomorrow, next week or next month. Do it now! You'll be glad that you did! Don't let yourself get boxed into some other profession simply because of your existing finances, environment, education or apathy. God willing, you can be what you want to be and you can do what you want to do. Just do it!

Apathy reeks. Take the time right now and make a commitment to yourself.

Stream of Consciousness

Just say 'no' to reality

By Paul Sarkis
Collegian Staff Writer

I hold a wonderful memory from my early childhood. A memory of a time when I was young and contentedly unaware of something my parents called reality. They would bring up this word "reality" most often times on Saturday mornings, while I was watching cartoons. What did "reality" mean to a six year old Paul Sarkis? . . . not too much. Nevertheless, as I would sit there eating my Frosted Flakes two feet in front of the set, my mom would sit down beside me and smile and say, "Now Paulie, you know that's not reality, don't you?" I would nod slowly and eat some more Frosted Flakes and spill some milk on the dog while my eyes remained transfixed on the screen.

I always wondered why my mom asked me that question. I guess moms want to make sure that their kids aren't getting ideas about going outside and hunting road-runners, armed only with products from the ACME corporation. I may have been six years old, but I had a pretty good feeling if you got run over by a steamroller, you didn't just get really thin.

My father first introduced me to reality one Saturday morning by walking over to the television and switching from cartoons to the news. "Now that's reality!" he said. I looked at him, then looked at the screen and ate some Frosted Flakes. "Reality is boring." I thought to myself. So much for Reality 101.

My next lesson in reality would occur a few years later, as I finished grade school. At the time, I firmly believed that six years constituted a

satisfactory education, and I felt that junior high school would prove to be redundant. My parents, however, did not share my opinion and insisted that I continue my education. In response to my objections they would say "Well, that's reality." I concluded that reality meant doing things that you didn't want to do. This "reality" stuff didn't sit well with me.

One night my mom scolded me for trying to sneak some cookies before dinner. "You eat your dinner first, then you can have a cookie, that's reality!" she explained. "No it's not," I said. "I've sneaked cookies plenty of times before dinner!" I affirmed gleefully. Mother was less than amused. So much for my first argumentative thesis on reality.

I'm an adult now . . . a graduate of the school of reality. Every now and again, though, I'll sneak away from reality for a while. I'll wake up early on a Saturday morning, while the rest of the dorm sleeps off Friday night, sit myself in the TV room with a bowl of Frosted Flakes and watch the Bugs Bunny/Road Runner Hour. There exists within the television a wonderful world where a Coyote can go skiing in the desert by strapping an ACME crushed ice machine to his back. A world where you can fall off a cliff and the only injury you sustain is the temporary annoyance of having your body resemble an accordion.

Some people might find this immature . . . almost as immature as my editor chasing me around the dark halls of Perry spraying me with shaving cream. But no matter how we do it, we all must escape from reality every now and then. So go watch some cartoons, or fill your roommate's pillow with Redi-whip and just say no to reality.



MUSIC REVIEW

Bob Geldof finds himself Deep in the heart of Nowhere

by Paul Miniger
Collegian Staff Writer

Nobel Peace prize runner-up, Bob Geldof, has found time away from his Band-Aid efforts to make a new album. "Deep in the Heart of Nowhere" is a collection of songs written and sung by ex-Boomtown Rat, Bob Geldof. And even without the Rats, "Deep in the Heart of Nowhere" overflows with creative talent. Dave Stewart, Allison Moyet, Brian Setzer and Eric Clapton are among the twenty-three players on the album.

And with that many names, there's bound to be a hit. "This is the World Calling" is probably the most popular song off the album. It ironically combines the lyrics of a man who's lost hope with a sweet lullaby. Consequently, its grief struck lyrics ring familiar with Geldof's last hit "I Don't Like Mondays."

Two other songs, "In the Pouring Rain" and "Love Like a Rocket" are so much more power-



Bob Geldof
ful and upbeat that they too will soon be hits. These songs resemble older Boomtown Rats music more than any other track on the album. "The Beat of the Night" is a haunting song about an inter-racial murder which occurs in a London flat. Through Geldof's narrative and his use of dramatic imagery, one can almost witness the events of the crime as they occur. Unfortunately, the first time you'll get to hear "The Beat of the Night" will probably be during an episode of "Miami Vice."

"August was a Heavy Month" will probably never be as popular as "This is the World Calling," yet it is one of the better songs on the album. In fact, there is hardly a bad song on "Deep in the Heart of Nowhere." With the exception of "When I Was Young" and "I Cry Too" which are a little too sentimental to be taken seriously. Well, what can you expect from someone who loses the Nobel Prize to Winnie Mandela.

Letter to the editor

Priorities of 'Greek Life' under fire

Recently, as I've been walking through the Reed Building and the dorms, I've noticed several signs making various promises of lifelong friendship, excitement, and a sense of belonging. These signs have been posted by the local and national fraternities and sororities on campus. I have to chuckle whenever I see one, because after being a sister in Sigma Theta Chi for a semester, I found no such fulfillment of these promises.

First of all, these plagueous posters are constantly pestering students to rush their particular faction. However, one must bear in mind that not everyone will be deemed "worthy" to pledge. Many will be rejected for no apparent reason. Those that do get accepted and become pledges will endure a trial of hazing and humiliation for an entire semester. As a result of the time spent at line-ups and other various pledge chores, many ex-

perience a significant drop in their GPA. On top of that, pledges are charged a fee for this "privilege" of belonging.

Once a pledge becomes a full-fledged member of one of these institutions, he or she can expect a loss if his or her own individual identity. New members quickly adopt the values, attitudes, and prejudices of their fraternity or sorority. They'll be perfectly at home if school, morals, family, and friends (who don't charge for their company) are no longer of any importance. Members tend to cut themselves off from other clubs and organizations designed to develop skills, contribute to society, and prepare its members for the future. I've seen very little of that from the sororities and fraternities on campus. In fact, these organizations tend to exclude themselves and avoid socializing with non-members on campus. While I was a sister, I was merely exposed to a

world revolving around beer and parties. Many members begin to lose sight of their real goals in life and their purpose of paying thousands of dollars to Penn State to achieve an education. They're too worried about what they'll wear to the next "social gathering."

I always thought it rather ironic the way these organizations sport the phrase "Greek life." I'm really curious as to what that means, especially since Greek colleges have no fraternities or sororities. In fact, while I was living in Europe, a Greek college friend once asked why American university students walk around wearing Greek letters on their backs.

My own conflicts arose within Sigma Theta Chi because I was not willing to sacrifice my grades in order to play silly games in the middle of the night outside in the cold. While I was a sister, I never felt quite comfortable ordering pledges

around. I'm not in the habit of treating my friends like slaves. It was made quite clear to me that I was no longer wanted around because I had other priorities, other friends, and other activities.

I cannot stop anyone from pledging, but I would advise a potential rushee to be aware of what he really expects. If he's just looking for companionship, that can be found anywhere—for free. There are numerous clubs on campus where one can meet others, achieve, and grow, without having to become one of the dregs of society. Everyone should bear in mind their real intentions for attending college—for an education.

by Michelle Grasmick

Michelle Grasmick

Fourth Semester, Psychology

Letters to the editor intended for publication in the next issue of the Collegian should be submitted by Feb. 18th at 5:00 p.m.

'Bury the Dead' in an avalanche of success

by Susanna Jalosky
Collegian Theatre Correspondent

The scenery for "Bury The Dead" was simply constructed; however, it remained very effective in creating impressions necessary to absorb the important message that it offers.

The simple "T"-like construction of planks set the stage for most of the battlefield scenes. A platform was constructed against the north wall containing a pit which served as the graves dug by an army burial detail. Protruding from the platform were stairs and a short runway. On either side of this runway hung two small ceiling lamps. These two areas set the stage for scenes from the General's office and Editor's office.

The lighting played a tremendous role in this one-act production. With each mood or moment, lighting served as the transition and attention grabber.

This is a story of six dead soldiers defiantly rising up and refusing to be buried. The story is shocking, unrealistic, controversial, moving. Their message is a cry for help and a need for peace.

The ensemble of actors in this production is to be commended. Overlapping roles made it more difficult to develop characters; however, the play was no less effective. Unlike "Two By Two," where each developing personality conveyed the story, "Bury The Dead" relied on theme, emotion and the words of concern from the corpses to convey its message. A series of heart-wrenching scenes between the



Students line up outside the theatre, hoping to get a ticket.

Photo by Wendell Bates

corpses and loved ones proved to be the climax. These dead soldiers represented what might happen if soldiers killed on a battlefield could rise up and express their feelings about their own death.

The soldiers, all of different ages and backgrounds, had their reasons for refusal. Their reasons were sincere in their intent. One man felt the war was unfair and unfeeling. Men's lives were traded for a portion of ground under their feet. One man felt he hadn't before understood the cause for which he was fighting, and now he had something to say about it. Other men felt that although their lives

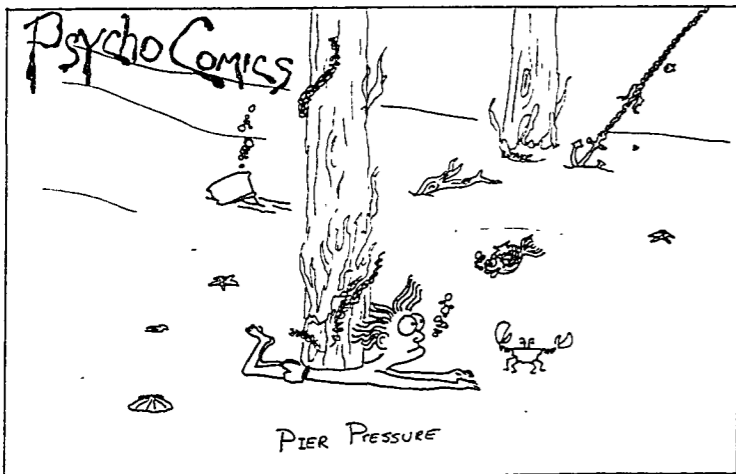
weren't elaborate and perfect they loved life and obtained a new appreciation for their lives and their homes. Finally, a twenty-year old man stood. During a scene between him and his mother, she constantly asked to see her baby's face, which had been destroyed by shell fragments.

He argued that it wasn't right for him to die. He hadn't really lived yet. All those years of preparing for life, and he'd never received the chance to experience it. He was a kid dressed in a uniform, told to play soldier and then killed on a battlefield. This had a tremendous effect on an audience primarily

consisting of college students. Sounds of sniffing and feelings of compassion filled the room.

The audience walked away very rich. They possessed a new understanding of an otherwise intangible concept: war.

In this great country of ours, we can stand up for our rights and what we believe. Dead or alive, these soldiers exercised that right, creating nothing less than a great impression. This production was impressive in many ways: the technical use of sound and lighting; the conveyance of a message of what war is about; and the impression their words left on our hearts.



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